

THE DUTCH FLAT ENQUIRER.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 47.

DUTCH FLAT ENQUIRER.

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ENQUIRER CALENDAR, 1864.

1864.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	1864.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Feb.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Mar.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Apr.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
May.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
June.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Business Cards.

B. ARNOLD, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office Main Street, Dutch Flat. 1-11

H. ANDERSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
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C. A. TWEED, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
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Office opposite the Express Office, Main street, Folsom Hill. 1-11

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PHILIP, DUKE OF NEVERS, AND THE LITTLE PARISIAN.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.—THE VOICE OF SLANDER.

It was now dark, and Jean Marie entered softly. He was the son of the nimble page who appears in the first chapter of this story, bringing Nevers' letters to Lagardere. He had died a soldier's death, and his old mother had now only a grandson left.

"Grandmother wishes to know, mademoiselle, whether you will sup here or in the other room," the boy said, respectfully.

"What time is it?" asked Aurora, waking from her reverie.

"Supper-time lady," murmured Aurora. "Lay the supper here," she added, speaking to the boy.

Berichon brought the lamp and set it on the table.

"The curtains are not well closed, child," cried his grandmother, from the kitchen.

Berichon shrugged his shoulders as he obeyed. "One would think," he grumbled, "we were afraid of the galleys."

The boy was somewhat in Aurora's position. He was ignorant of everything, and very anxious to learn.

"You are sure he is not in the room?" asked Aurora.

"Sure! we are sure of anything here!" exclaimed the boy. "I heard the Hunchback, and went to listen."

"You did wrong," said Aurora severely; "but did you hear anything? Where can he have gone?"

"Oh! only the Hunchback knows that, my lady. It is very odd that a gentleman so straight and upright as Chevalier—I mean Master Louis—should take a fancy to a fellow as crooked as a corkscrew, who comes and goes by the back door."

"Is he not master?" Has he not a right to choose what friends he likes?" interrupted Aurora.

"Yes, of course he can do as he pleases; he can go out, and come in, and shut himself up all day with his ape, if he pleases. Nevertheless, it makes the neighbors talk, my lady."

"You talk too much with the neighbors," answered Aurora, reproachfully.

"I!" cried the boy; I talk! I say, grandmother, my young lady says I am a chatterbox now!"

"Oh! I have known that a long time, child," replied the old woman; "and an idler too."

Berichon crossed his arms in an attitude of despair.

"Well," he cried; "I suppose, then, that I have every fault. You'd better tell me that at once! I, who never say a word, but only listen; though it is not so easy to be silent when asked so many questions."

"What questions?"

"All sorts of things: where we came from; where we are going; the age of the Chevalier—I mean Master Louis; your age, Mademoiselle Aurora; if you are French, and if we are Catholics; if you confess, mademoiselle, at St. Eustache, or St. Germain; why you never go out? Madame Morynet laid a wager with La Guichard that you had but one leg. Why Master Louis goes out so much? Why the Hunchback comes so often? Oh! are they not curious about him? They say—"

"And you listen to all this nonsense, Berichon!" interrupted Aurora.

"No, indeed, mademoiselle; I know better than to heed. But only to hear them, especially the women! I can't step out into the street but what my ears burn! 'Halloo, Berichon!' cries the shopkeeper opposite; 'come and taste my new wine, is so.' 'Oh, that deer-ho would like a tart!' calls out the pastry cook; and the woman who keeps the butter-shop; and the one at the corner who mends old furs, and even the lawyer's wife, are all after me. Just listen, mademoiselle, how they go on; it is really fine! La Balahaut, the tall, dark woman with spectacles, says, 'how pretty and graceful she is!' meaning you, mademoiselle. 'She is about twenty; is she not, dear?' 'I don't know, I don't know,' I answer gruffly. 'She's a very sweet creature, but she does not look like the niece of a carver of sword-handles. Is she his niece, my love?' 'No,' I reply. 'His daughter, then, perhaps, my child?' 'No,' and I try to pass on, and then they all make a circle round me, crying out, 'If she is not his daughter, is she his wife? is she his sister? his niece? or an orphan that he has picked up somewhere? And I scream out, 'No! no! no!' with all my might."

"You were wrong, Berichon," said Aurora, sadly. "to tell an untruth. I am a poor child that has brought up in charity."

"What an idea!" cried Jean Marie.

"The next time, tell them so," returned Aurora; "I am not ashamed; and why hide his goodness?"

"And now he does love you, miss! Grandmother and I see it every day. It is, 'How has she slept? Was she happy yesterday? Is there anything she wishes for?' And if we can only discover a wish, how pleased he is!"

"Yes," said Aurora, "he loves me as if I were indeed his child."

He not exactly," said Berichon, softly.

Aurora shook her head. She so dearly loved to speak of Lagardere; she did not think of the age or condition of her confidant.

"I am always alone," she said; "and he comes in so late ever since we have been in Paris."

"Oh! I wager he is up stairs now!" cried Berichon. "If you would not mind just calling him with your gentle voice. I am afraid of going up, since he caught me once peeping through the keyhole of the locked-up room."

And if you only knew, how much I wish support to be over-to-night that I may have a peep at all the grand doings at the Palais Royal!"

Have you not seen, miss," continued the chatterbox, "all the coaches, and the flowers and the shrubs, the lamps, the pastry, the ices? How jolly it must be! Would I like to be there, that is all!"

"Go and help your grandmother," said Aurora.

"Poor young lady!" thought the lad, going; "but no doubt she longs for a dance."

"Oh, how long he stays every night!" said Aurora to herself. "He forbids me to go out; this mystery always around, about us—he hides his name. I know he is in danger. His enemies, or rather mine, are powerful; for I know he does this for me. As if he thought I could not read his joy, his sorrow, his anxiety, in his face! He wishes me not to know his dangers, his trials—as if this wretched uncertainty were not far harder to bear than any troubles! If I might only share his thoughts, his feelings!"

A slight noise was heard above. She ran joyfully to meet Lagardere, who, lighted by Jean Marie, descended the stairs. Lagardere, whatever was his age, was still a young man. Light curling hair played over a clear white forehead, and his cheeks still retained the color of youth, which would have even given him an effeminate look, were it not for the brilliancy of his eyes, his well-marked eyebrows, and the firm expression of his mouth, which denoted both strength and resolution. He was dressed in black velvet. From the top of the stairs his eyes already sought Aurora, but he repressed the feeling. An observer would have guessed at once that his life was passed in continued restraint, and that the iron will of a stoic repressed the movements of a tender, affectionate heart.

"You have been waiting for me, Aurora," he said.

Francisco put out her red face from the kitchen, and said:

"As if it were right to make the poor child cry!"

Aurora threw her arms round his neck.

"Look, Henri, if there are tears in my eyes?"

"Nevertheless," cried Francisco, bringing in the principal dish, "that does not prevent our young lady from being always alone, and that makes her sad."

"Did I ask you to make any complaint?" murmured Aurora, red with vexation.

They sat down to table opposite each other. Berichon stood behind Aurora. Supper was scarcely over when Master Louis said to him:

"The kitchen," I wager something is going to happen; did you see how concerned master looked?"

"Go and wash up," answered Francisco, "and don't meddle with other people's business. Master is as strong and as brave as a lion, but your young lady is a maid for him."

"Oh! she does not look it," cried Berichon, astonished.

"That is the very reason," answered the grandmother.

"You are not happy, I fear, Aurora?" said Lagardere, when they were alone.

"I see you are so sad."

"And do you blame me, dear child?"

"Oh, no, indeed; sometimes I cannot help being uneasy. Children, you know, Henri, are frightened in the night, and in the daytime forget their fear. It is the same with me; when I see you, I feel happy again."

"You had for me the tender affection of a daughter, and I thank you, said Lagardere, turning away his head.

"And you? do you love me as if you were my father, Henri?" asked Aurora.

Master Louis got up and advanced toward her.

Aurora placed him a chair, and said joyfully:

"Oh, come, let us talk as we used to do. Do you remember that happy time?"

Henri answered sadly:

"That time is past."

Aurora took his hand and looked at him searchingly.

"Do you suffer, Henri?"

He shook his head.

"Once," he said, "I had so beautiful, so glorious a dream, that it has taken away my peace. It was only a dream; but now I am awake. I have sworn, and I will keep my word. I am old, darling child, to begin a new life."

"Oh!" cried Aurora, laughing.

Henri did not laugh.

"At my age," he said, seriously, "others have a wife—children."

"And you have not," interrupted Aurora.

"Henri, you have only me."

He made a movement as if to speak, and stopped.

Aurora went on.

"You have only me, and I—I am an obstacle to your happiness. Do you know what they say? 'She is not his daughter, his sister, his wife.'"

"Aurora," interrupted Master Louis, "for eighteen years you have been all my happiness."

"You are generous. I thank you," murmured Aurora; and after a short pause added: "I know nothing of your thoughts or your actions. Henri, but when I am alone, it makes me very sad to think that without me a beloved wife would have cheered your solitude, without me you would have needed no concealment, no disguise—you might have been free and happy."

Henri, you have been more to me than a kind father; for me you have smothered your love, crushed your heart's affections."

"Dear child!" said Master Louis, turning from her, "you deceive yourself," then he added, with emotion, "Aurora, when you no longer see me, will you remember me?"

The poor girl turned pale; had Louis turned away, she would have seen but a cold, stern face.

"Are you going to leave me again?" she murmured.

"No—I don't know—perhaps," he answered in a trembling voice.

"Oh! I entreat you, I entreat you, have pity upon me! If you go take me with you."

He did not answer, and she continued, with tears in her eyes—

"You are angry because I am exacting, unjust. I will never be so again. Oh, Henri, I am happy when I see you every day. Oh! you do not answer me, Henri—listen to me!"

In a childlike way she turned his face toward her; her eyes were full of tears.

She knelt beside him and said—

"Henri, dear friend, father! Were you happy, your happiness should be my own; but I will share your tears."

He drew her toward him; then his arms relaxed, and he said, in a bitter voice:

"We are both fools, Aurora, to go on thus."

"Oh, Henri, how changed you are since the day you told me you were my father."

"Yes the day you asked me to spare the Marquis of Chavigny—I remember it well. The Marquis has come back to Paris."

She did not answer, but he could read her thoughts in her eloquent features. He kissed her hand and rose to leave.

She held him fast.

"Stop," she said; "I see I am a trouble and care to you; I will go—oh! I know not whether; but at least you shall be delivered from a charge that has become too heavy."

"To leave me, Aurora, you need not fly," murmured Henri.

"Then you will send me away?" cried the poor girl, deeply affected. She was kneeling with her head upon his knee. "Oh! Henri," she cried, bursting into tears, "so little would make me happy—so little! How happy and joyful I used to run to meet you. He gently stroked her beautiful hair. "Oh, be as you were then, I ask no more," she continued; "tell me when you are happy, that I may rejoice with you, but above all, tell me when you are in trouble, that all your sorrows may pass into my heart. Oh! it would do you good. Had you a daughter, a deeply-loved daughter, would you not do so to her?"

"A daughter?" he repeated, and his face became sad.

"I know that I am nothing to you; but never tell me again."

He passed his hands over his eyes.

"Aurora," he said, calmly, "there is a life of pleasure, honor, riches, you know nothing of, dear child."

"And why need I know it?"

"I wish you to know it," he added, lowering his voice; "you will have to choose; to choose rightly, you must know."

Hegot up. There was an expression of thought and meditation on his noble features, as he said, "It is your last day of doubt and ignorance, and perhaps my last day of youth and hope."

"Oh! explain yourself, Henri, for heaven's sake!"

"I have acted," he cried, looking up; "Heaven is my witness—I have acted according to my conscience. Farewell, Aurora; consider, reflect to-night, consult your reason rather than your heart. I will not say anything to bias you. I wish your choice to be free. Remember only—whatever may happen to-night—I have only your good in view; and take comfort if I do not soon return, in the thought that near me or at a distance, I watch over you."

He kissed her hand and departed. Her eyes followed him as he mounted the stairs and he kissed his hand again before entering his room.

CHAPTER IX.—TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

Aurora was alone. The conversation she had had with Henri left her confounded, almost stupefied—her thoughts wandered while her heart was sorely wounded. She dreaded what might happen that night. Although she had in her short life passed through many adventures, her heart always had been supported by her father. She felt that, whatever might come upon her now, she must bear alone. Had he not told her to think, to choose for herself? A fearful dread came over her that she might have to decide, to choose between her mother and Henri; for in regard to riches, rank and name, had she not already made her choice? Would she not willingly sacrifice all for him?

She opened her window, and leant out to cool her burning brow. Many persons were passing; a crowd had assembled round the Palais Royal, which was brilliantly lighted up. Already sedans and litters were bending their way thither before a double line of curious spectators. A strong desire to make one of that assembly came over Aurora. In the kitchen, Jean Marie played tempter to his grandmother. After they had finished their own supper, and put away the page went for a few minutes to the door, and returned with such a vivid account of the lights, the decorations, the ladies in diamonds, and other splendors, that Francisco was tempted to venture into the street to look at them, leaving the street door open. Once there, the gossiping neighbors made for her once forget her charge. Aurora remained alone. The young girl heard a slight noise, turned, and uttered a cry before she saw a stranger in pink domino. Her scream was answered by a joyful laugh, and the visitor, pulling off her mask, discovered the playful face of Donna Cruz.

"Flora," cried Aurora, "is it indeed you?"

The young girls embraced each other.

"How happy I am to see you! But how could you get in? I am forbidden to see anyone."

"Well, your prison is well guarded—the door well open. No one to say he off!"

Aurora passed quickly through the other room into the kitchen, calling Francisco and Jean Marie; but receiving no answer, and perceiving the street-door wide open, went and closed it without locking it; then returned to her friend.

"How much you are grown, and how handsome!" cried Donna Cruz.

"And you too?" returned Aurora.

And they regarded each other with joyful admiration.

"And this dress," said Aurora. "Oh! I guess you are going to act to-night."

"No, indeed," returned the other. "I am going to the ball."

"What ball?"

"To the Regent's of course," answered Donna Cruz, drawing herself up. "I am going to be presented to his Royal Highness by the Princess Palatine. I dare say you are surprised, so am I myself; but such strange things have come to pass—I will tell you all about it."

"But how did you find out where I lived?"

"Oh! I knew, and was coming to see you to-morrow. I had permission, for I am kept a prisoner like yourself, only my cage is far prettier than yours. When, behold! this evening, just as I had finished dressing, a knock came at my door, and a little hunchback presented himself, and bowing very low, said 'If you please, I will conduct you where you wish to go.' The notion tickled my fancy, and I consented at once. He led me out by a back way into a carriage, jumped in himself, and in no time we were at your door. I turned to thank him, and he had vanished."

"But why are you to be presented to the Regent, Flora?"

"Oh! my dear," returned her friend, throwing herself into an easy chair, "it is all a mistake, a dream, an illusion, my being a gipsy. I am the noble daughter of a princess—that is all."

"You!" cried Aurora.

"Yes, I," said the other, complacently. "Gipsies, you know, do such odd things; they get down chimneys—after the fires are out of course—and so introduce themselves into palaces, and carry off some valuables, and among the rest the young heiress in the cradle."

"Delightful!" cried Aurora, pleased with her friend's good fortune. "And what is your name?"

"The Princess of Nevers."

"Nevers!" repeated Aurora—"one of the highest names in France."

"Yes, my love; it appears that we are cousins to the King."

"But how?"

"On that point, my dear, I am as ignorant as you are; but I am to know soon, at least, my guardian, the Prince Gonzague."

"Gonzague?" echoed Aurora, shuddering. "Yes; the Prince is the husband of the Princess of Nevers, my mother."

Aurora remembered her visit to the castle of Caylus. The child then spoken of was Flora.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Donna Cruz.

"I was thinking of that name, Gonzague. Do you love your guardian—your mother's husband?"

"Oh, Caramba!" cried the young Princess, forgetting her dignity; "I have seen my mother, and have a great respect for her, for she has suffered so much; and I love her, too, only not as one ought to love a mother. And as for the Prince, her husband, you need have no fear to tell me anything about him."

"Well, then," said Aurora, "that name has been mingled with all my terrors as a child and my unhappiness since. The first time my friend risked his life for me, I heard that name; I heard it again when we were attacked at Pamplona; also on the night that you saved our lives; at Madrid, Gonzague again; and once more at the castle of Caylus."

Donna Cruz was silent for a few moments; then she said:

"Did Don Louis ever tell you that you were the daughter of some great personage?"

"No—never."

"Oh, I can't bear thinking," cried Donna Cruz, "but it seems to me that you look more like a princess than I do. But of what use is puzzling one's brains? It is best to take things as they come, as my former friends the gipsies used to say, who consoled themselves for everything by saying it was fate. But what I cannot understand, is that the Prince Gonzague should be a robber—a murderer. Oh, it is impossible! Perhaps there are many Gonzagues. Besides, if the Prince were really your persecutor, is it likely Don Louis would have brought you to Paris, where he lives?"

"Ah!" said Aurora, "but such precautions are taken! I am forbidden to get out—even to show myself at the window."

"Oh, he is jealous!" cried Donna Cruz.

"Oh, Flora!" cried Aurora, reproachfully. Donna Cruz executed a pirouette.

"Oh, yes, your Master Louis, your handsome Lagardere, your knight-errant is jealous! Don't I know that lovers already measure the height of your windows?"

Aurora blushed crimson, but remained silent.

"And he is still as handsome, as proud, as gentle as ever? And tell me, dear—whisper it in my ear—do you love him?"

"Why should I not own aloud that I love him?" answered Aurora, proudly.

"And are you happy—very happy?"

"Yes, when he is here."

"Oh, capital!" cried Donna Cruz, looking around rather contemptuously. "True, he is a cottage! But I begin to think that Master Louis is a sorcerer, do you know. Once I loved, or thought I loved some one; and he put his hand on my forehead, and said: 'Flora, he can never love you, and I was cured.'"

"And who was it that you loved?" cried Aurora, anxiously. "Oh, I am sure it was himself! You my rival!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MORNING STARS.—Every clear sky at daybreak has still shown the four planets, now grouped so closely together, as beautiful and wonderful and glorious as ever. For months have they been changing places in their set by themselves, and going through the figures in the glorious quadrille. Think a moment over what a floor they sweep, and to the heavenly harmonies of the music to which they move.

The sky at the south has other glories also every fair night. No sooner is twilight passed but Orion and the hosts encamped about him flame with their sentinel fires in the forehead of the southeast, and all night long the great condescender sweeps from the east to the west. It looks, with the blank spaces about it, like a chain of a continent on the walls of the

THURSDAY

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THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1864

NOTICE the markets in another column.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE NEW CHURCH.—The people of our town assembled on Tuesday morning last for the purpose of raising the frame of the new church—which was completed to the satisfaction of everybody on yesterday afternoon. The ladies, always mindful of the good works going on, also assembled in numbers, each bearing a basket of edibles, for the dinner of those engaged in the work, and when noon arrived they had preceded a splendid dinner of which all partook. The day they improved on the dinner, and in the quality of the singing, and the strength in the choir. The church building will stand on twelve stone pillars 4 feet wide by 3 thick, and will be 4 feet wide, 54 feet long, 22 feet high, and be topped with a cupola, the top of which will be 15 feet from the basement, in which is to be placed a set of organs, and weighing 750 lbs. The entire work is to be done in a judicious and a manner, and when finished will be an ornament to our town, and an honor to those who exerted themselves to build it. It is really gratifying to know that we are shortly to be the abode of a large number of Christians of every faith can meet and worship, and be engaged in their devotional exercises. It is the intention the building committee to have the house completed by the 4th of July next.

An Act Concerning Assessments upon the Stock of Corporations.

Sec. 13. The time fixed in any notice published according to the provisions, may be at once extended for a period of not more than ten days, by order of the Board of Trustees, duly made and entered on the records of the corporation; but no order extending the time for the performance of any act specified in any notice shall be effectual, unless notice of such extension or post-

<i>Names.</i>	<i>No. Shares.</i>	<i>Am't.</i>
Moses Arnold.....	100	\$ 5 00
J. Handford.....	100	10 00
J. Johnson.....	100	7 50
Walter Willey.....	200	15 00
Marlow		

Wm. A. HOUSEL, Sec'y.

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DUTCH

E. R. D.

THURSDAY

HAVING so printers of this editor and de ing themselves etc., and drir ages that are rating to the week with a better excuse quaintances of

WE in this week, but respondents, their commu ing, to insure compelled to not publish matter," and compositors a bage-leaf. W fact that "S increase for d to the last fo in purchasing or in discount know which, the communie patriots to con they can do setion, or into the Governme

MINING.— in the Rattles pany, a few d feet has also Meadow Lake the above the sued, and the at \$5 per foot

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JUDGE COO sanctum a vis good health.

SONS OF T ing of Ben F, their hall in f following nan cers for the e Davis: E. P. dy, W. A. M. as, A. R. S. J. Treas.; T. R. C. W. St. W. Northrup, Nancy Amos Wightcup; 1 Thomas; 2 Miss S. E. H.

I. O. O. F. Lodge, No. 8) on the evenin named person present term F. Burckhardt J. M. Childs, Hudophi, Tr Chaplain.

INSTALLED were installed 101, F. & A. Dec. 27th: T ford, S. W. J. ley, Treas.; J. Coffin, J. D. The followi as officers of at their hall: C. Rich, W. M. J. W. H. C.

Two CASES says the Mar ed John Calli asked the kee several indivi taking his lift request. Cal cates that his probably be s other man, n was locked u amount of m and that he crowding up a too, will prob it is supposed

Mrs. MAG Walls Walla Mrs. Magr dren, visited in Lewiston, what they ha hand? The time. At le last he saw of Bannack. S "Johnny, beg they did with frating and said's the body to h The prisons the scene, and Howard exel sake don't let father died su man feels. S if I had a mil than see her a

SHOOTING.— a young actress a pistol at M the Opera Hou tree's arm in bullet passed th or misanderst Maguire's then to be the caus arrested but re

FOUND DEE but too well k found, Wednes doorway of a h and successful was with her to well off and marriage by a

THE LORDS PRAYER.

"If any be distressed, and faint would gather Some comfort, let him harken unto Our Father, For we of hope and help are quite bereaven Except Thou succor us Who art in heaven, Thou shonest mercy, therefore for the same We praise Thee, singing Hallowed be Thy name: Of all our miseries cast up the sum; Show up Thy joys, and let Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, Thou madest the earth as well as the planetseven, Thy name be blessed here As it is in heaven. Nothing we have to use or debts to pay, Except Thou give, but Give us this day, Whereunto to clothe us, wherewith to be fed, For without Thee we want our Our daily bread. We want, but we want no faults, for no day passes But we do sin— Forgive us our trespasses, No man from sinning ever free did live; Forgive us, Lord, our sins As we forgive, If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disclaimst us; We pardon those That trespass against us; Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us; Direct us always in Thy faith, And lead us We, Thine own people and Thy chosen nation, Into all truth, but Not into temptation. Then that of all good graces art the giver, Suffer us not to wander, But deliver Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil And flesh, as Thou free Us from all evil; To these petitions let both church and laymen With one consent of heart and voice, say Amen."

THE CAPITAL OF SIAM.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is situated on the river Meinnam, and twenty-five miles in a straight line from its embouchure, although owing to the river windings, the water-way is double that distance. A bar at the mouth, only fourteen feet of water, impedes the navigation of the river, but inside it and up to Bangkok the noble river has an average depth of from forty to fifty feet close up to the bank. The splendid Buddhist edifices and water-gives, the city an imposing appearance, and the gardens, with their luxuriant growth of vegetation, are extremely pleasing. Very original are the houses floating on rafts, which, fastened together in two rows on either side of the river, extend for a distance of three miles up the Meinnam. Upon the river a very busy life goes on. Thousands of boats of all sizes cross each other's track incessantly and facilitate communication, for the number of streets on the mainland is very small. In lieu of streets canals intersect the city in all directions, and all the houses are either built on the water side, or at least are accessible from it. Owing to the number of boats collisions are inevitable and frequent, but the Siamese are as much at home on the water as on land, and hence a serious accident rarely occurs. Mothers may be everywhere seen bathing and swimming with their babies. Children of six years of age dauntlessly steer their rickety boats with admirable skill across the Meinnam, and upset them on purpose, then bale them out and pursue their course.

Bangkok contains 400,000 inhabitants, of whom the Chinese supply the largest contingent. The latter inhabit a separate part of the city on the left bank of the river, and their quarter is a faithful picture of a town in the Celestial Empire, with all its unpleasant additions and peculiarities. While the Chinese may be seen in the city, the Siamese are more numerous. They are incessantly active from daybreak till far into the night, the Siamese enjoys a snug repose, sits in the shade of his verandah with crossed legs and cheest betel. In the morning, the canals and streets are crowded with priests collecting their food, while during the rest of the day they meet those lazy mendicants, who at that time are indulging in siesta. After daybreak market begins in the different districts of the town, which is principally visited by purchasing women. Most of the business appears to be left to the females, and their robust forms show that they are used to hard work. Towards mid-day, during the hottest period, people disappear from the street, and crows and dogs take their place in such masses that you are compelled to carry a stick in going along the streets as a defensive measure.

With the exception of the warts and the royal palaces, all the houses of private persons are built of wood, and through their poor and unpretentious appearance form a very unfavorable contrast with the above splendid edifices. The entire city is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, with a circumference of nearly eight miles. The Europeans settled at Bangkok are compelled to reside outside this wall, and have built their houses below the city on the Meinnam. Here are also the mission school and a Catholic chapel. Both Protestants and Catholics have missions in Bangkok, though the former make but few proselytes. Catholicism is the religion of the south, and hence it makes considerable progress in Siam. Moreover, the resemblance of its forms and observances with those of the Buddhist worship assist it. At the present time the number of native Christians in Bangkok is estimated from six to seven thousand, and about the same number in the provinces, although the French missionaries state them to be four times as many.

The palace of the first king is in the northern portion of Bangkok, and is also surrounded by a wall; the palace consists of several large buildings, which, like the temples, are distinguished by triple roofs, and are decorated with costly carved work, mosaic, and ornaments. These buildings stand in the midst of gardens and parks, laid out in the Chinese style. A large number of less expensive houses inside the wall of circunvallation provides shelter for the countless male and female attendants of the royal house. The king alone has one hundred body servants. With his six hundred concubines and their attendants in uniform, (the so-called Ammons), the female population of the place numbers three thousand persons, and an equal number of soldiers constitutes the garrison. Stables for war-elephants and a residence for the venerated white elephant also occupy a wing of the palace buildings, and the armors and arsenals are also included.

As the king is unrestricted lord of his country and his subjects, all the wealth and luxury are naturally concentrated in the palace, which contains inexhaustible treasures of the Oriental love of pomp. In a temple connected with it thirty massive gold statues of Buddha are erected, and another Buddha, one and a half feet high, cut out of a single emerald, is preserved there as the palladium of the country. The most costly thing, however, is the monument erected by King Mongkut to the memory of his predecessors. It consists of an urn eight feet high, in which the bones of the deceased king are preserved. The urn stands on a pyramidal throne twenty-three feet high, surrounded by nine galleries, and most magnificently carved.

The throne and urn are made of copper gilt, six hundred goldsmiths worked on it for nine months, and five hundred and twenty pounds of gold were used on it. Should Siam, sooner or later, fall a prey to European power, the interior of a palace is of such a nature as to repay all the expenses entailed on the conqueror by the war.

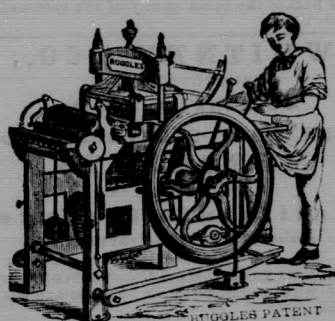
THOMPSON AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.— That Pioneer English abolitionist, Geo. Thompson, has had his public reception at the Cooper Institute, and seems to have been very proud of it, in contrasting it with his rough treatment here on his first missionary visit, thirty years ago, and his second, fifteen years later. But the contrast between the Thompson of 1834 and 1850, and the Thompson of 1864 will explain why, in our days of sectional peace and harmony, he is regarded as an unwelcome interloper; and why, in these days of our terrible civil war, he is received without any signs of a hostile public opinion. In 1834 he came as the missionary of a sanguinary abolition agitation. He came to sow the seeds of discord and civil war amongst us, and was rejected and hooted out of the country, but not, however, until, as an abolitionist, he had done much mischief. He came again in 1850, when, in spite of the political strength which had been gained by the abolition faction, the compromise measures worked through Congress by Henry Clay promised a long term of peace between the two sections. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that "New York was too busy to listen to Geo. Thompson;" for he was too naturally regarded by every friend of peace, and every true philanthropist, as a public enemy, a public disturber, and a public nuisance.

But he came again in 1864, and is received by his friends in New York as a hero. And wherefore? Because the dragon's teeth he assisted in sowing broadcast over the land have sprung up into legions of armed men, engaged in the dreadful work of slaughtering each other. The labor of his hands as an abolitionist, his missionary having ripened into a plentiful harvest of blood, he returns to claim his reward. He comes to rejoice over our misfortunes and to glory in his work. He comes as a philanthropist, when at best his whole career has been that of a reckless fanatic. Having wasted his time, talents and money in the pernicious business of inflaming the two sections of this country to the arbitrament of the fire and sword, and when we are taxing all our resources to the uttermost to save the life of the nation, he returns from England as a distressed philanthropist and a money honger. We only hope that his modesty will not cause him to limit his labors in this character to the charities of his Northern abolition friends; for in the matter of bringing about this terrible war he has been of equal service to the disunion faction of the South.—N. Y. Herald.

WATER.—Of all the organic substances, acting upon their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changes in the atmosphere and in the sea, in the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grade; then as, in the form of snow, it robs the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we can never have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which it spans, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which to all human mind is the best emblem of unwaried, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea,—what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.

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The Hallet & Davis Pianos are each supplied with their Patent Suspension Bridge, which a decided improvement—it gives a full and clear vibration in the upper octave, producing a quality of tone unequalled in brilliancy and purity. Our Melodeons and Harmoniums are of the best quality, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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SMOKING. PINK CUT CHEWING. SMOKING.

Long, P. A. L. or plain, S. Jaco, No. 1, Cavendish, or Sweet, Spanish, No. 2, Sweet Scented Oronoco, Canaster, 1 & 2 mixed, Tin Foil Cavendish, Turkish

N. B.—A circular of prices will be sent on application. May 21-ly

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The public attention is respectfully requested to the following

Card from the Grover & Baker S. M. Com- pany.

The public, in their eagerness to supply themselves with Sewing Machines making the GROVER & BAKER stitch must not forget to purchase them of the parties who alone are authorized to sell them. All machines sewing from the spoils and in which one needle only penetrates the cloth, and having a feed which allows the material to be turned at will are infringements

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A Card from Elias Howe, Jr.

All persons are cautioned not to make, deal in, or use, any Sewing Machines which sew front two spoils and make the stitch known as the Grover & Baker stitch, unless the same are purchased from the GROVER & BAKER SEWING COMPANY, or their Agents, or Licensees, and stamped under my patent of September 10, 11.

Said Company and their Licensees, alone, are legal- ly authorized under their own patents, and my said patent, during the extended term thereof, to make and sell this kind of Sewing Machines, and all others are practices upon my said patent, and will be dealt with accordingly wherever found.

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THIS MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT,

which will in future be entirely under his manage- ment and control, and where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the traveling public. He flatters himself that his experience in the business, and his long acquaintance with the people of Cal- ifornia, will be a guarantee that no one will leave his house dissatisfied, and he pledges himself to spare no pains or expense in providing every means for the comfort and satisfaction of his guests.

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BATH ROOMS on the premises for the conven- ience of families.

Two Coaches are attached to the Hotel to convey passengers to and from the steamers.

m3y5-3m SIMON H. SEYMOUR.

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